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DAVID's
LAMENTATION

O V E R

Saul and Jonathan.

A LYRIC POEM.

By Mr. *JOHN LOCKMAN.* R

Set to MUSIC by Mr. *BOYCE.*

Organist & Composer to his Majesty.

And performed in

The Apollo - Society, April 16, 1736.

L O N D O N :

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TO THE
APOLLO SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,



ROUGHT forth in Solitude, my infant
Muse,
To sylvan Scenes confin'd her humble
Views ;
Ne'er thought to leave her Verse-inspiring Grove,
Well pleas'd around its murm'ring Springs to rove.

A 2

BUT

BUT at your gen'rous Call, she prunes her Wing ;
Takes her swift Flight, in Towns attempts to sing.
Yet, all in vain, her artless Note she tries,
Till Harmony her rapturous Charm supplies.
Till, by your Lutes and Voices solemn Sound,
Wak'd to new Life, she breaths Inchantment round.

THUS Man (as Poets sing) first form'd of Clay,
Like kindred Earth unanimated lay,
Till fam'd *Prometheus*, bringing heavenly Fire,
A Work arises, which even Gods admire.

DID *Fortune's* Sons, like You, indulgent smile,
And call forth latent Merit thro' our Isle,
Bards wou'd arise, their Genius soon display,
As Flourets open to the Solar Ray.
Then in the Theatres the Muse wou'd shine,
Correct our Passions, and our Thoughts refine :

Wou'd

DEDICATION.

v

Wou'd frown on Vice, give Virtue her due Praise,
And throw new Glories round the *British* Bays.

I am, with the greatest Respect,

May 18, 1736.

Your most humble Servant,

J. LOCKMAN.

DEDICATION

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF UNIVERSITY TEACHERS

BY
J. L. LOCKMAN

NEW YORK
1900

J. L. LOCKMAN



DAVID'S LAMENTATION

OVER

SAUL and JONATHAN, &c.

CHORUS.



ING, sacred Prophet, the Defeat of Saul,
His bleeding Death, and mighty Israel's Fall.
Sing holy David, lost to all Relief,
Describe his flowing Tears, and generous Grief.

RECITATIVE.

Now *Saul* was by the proud *Philistines* slain,
And *David* march'd in Triumph from the Plain,
When an *Amalekite* who late had fled,
(His Garments torne, and Earth upon his Head)
Approaching *David* low Obeisance paid,
And, to the prostrate Youth, the Chieftain said ---
Whence art thou come? The prostrate Youth reply'd,
From *Israel's* Camp, once-dreaded *Israel's* Pride.
How, says the Chieftain, did the Battle go? ----
Alas! he cries, my Story bleeds with Woe.

A I R.

*Israel is fallen, is undone,
Part are smitten, Part are fled:
Mighty Saul. His darling Son;
Both are vanquish'd, both are dead.*

RECIT.

R E C I T A T I V E.

David resum'd (his Soul afflicted sore)
 How know'st Thou that the Princes are no more?
 The Man rejoyns; --- As late I chanc'd to stray
 O'er lofty *Gilboa's* ever-devious Way,
 Behold *Saul* lean'd on his oft-lifted Spear,
 (Chariots and Horsemen thund'ring on his Rear.)
 The King looks back, and seeing me, he cries,
 Come forward Youth; — On swiftest Feet I rise. —
 Arriv'd : — says *Saul*, who art Thou? — Use no Fraud!
 I answer : — an *Amalekite*, my Lord. —
 The King then sigh'd, as tho' his Heart were broke;
 Tears pearl'd his Eyes, and thus he faintly spoke.

A I R.

*Swift indulge thy cruel Aid
 To a Prince with Grief oppress'd :
 In my Bosom sheathe thy Blade ;
 Pierce my Heart, and give me Rest.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Seeing the King thus tortur'd in his Mind,
 To ease his crouding Woes I soon inclin'd,
 Knowing that his great Soul cou'd ne'er survive
 This Overthrow, and with Afflictions strive. —
 I now advance, irresolutely-slow,
 Afraid, and yet resolv'd, to strike the Blow. —
 My Hand's congeal'd. — He cries : Act well thy Part : —
 Amaz'd ! — I send the Dagger to his Heart.
 Trembling, I strip the Coarse ; then, instant, flee,
 And thus devote the precious Spoils to Thee.

A I R.

(9)

A I R.

*Take this Bracelet, deck thine Arm,
Saul's it never more will bind.
Take this Crown, that powerful Charm
To a throne-aspiring Mind.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Struck as with Thunder, *David* rends his Clothes,
And calls for Vengeance on th' insulting Foes.
His Men are mov'd, with Sighs their Bosoms heave ;
Silent they weep, and humbly fast till Eve.

C H O R U S.

*For Saul, for Jonathan, they fast, they weep ;
For Israel's House their Sighs no Measure keep ;
For God's own People ceaseless Anguish feel,
'Cause all are fall'n by the destructive Steel.*——

R E C I T A T I V E.

Says *David*, whence art Thou ? — The Youth goes on : -- }
I'm an *Amalekite*, a Stranger's Son. — }
Ah ! (cries the Chieftain) Wretch ! what hast Thou done ! }

A I R.

*How cou'd Conscience check her Stings,
When thou temptedst to destroy
God's Anointed, chief of Kings,
Saul, who form'd a Nation's Joy ?*

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Then *David* the *Amalekite* survey'd ;
 Look'd pensive round, and to a young Man said,
 Advance : unsheathe thy Sword. — The Man obey'd. }
 Plunge, plunge it deep, cry'd *David*, in his Side : —
 He smote the Regicide, he fell : he died. —
 The Chieftain then : — Thy Blood be on thy Head,
 For Thou a Monarch's sacred Blood hast shed,
 As thine own Lips now testify'd too plain,
 Saying, the Lord's Anointed I have slain. —
 Here *David*, fix'd in Grief, with humid Eyes,
 O'er *Saul* and *Jonathan* thus breath'd his Sighs.

D U E T.

*Sad Israel ! thy Beauty's Pride,
 On yon high Mountain bleeding lies.
 How have the mighty Warriors died !
 No weeping Friend to close their Eyes.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Never, O never ! let this Guilt be known
 In *Gath*, nor spread in scoffing *Askalon* ;
 Lest the *Philistine* Daughters lift their Voice,
 The Daughters of th' Uncircumcis'd rejoyce.

A I R.

*On Thee, Mount Gilboa, May nor Dews,
 Nor quick'ning Rain from Heaven be shed ;
 To feed thy Plants, to cheer thy Views :
 Nor Fields of Offering grace thy Head.*

For,

(11)

*For, on thy Steep, the Shield of Saul,
Of mighty Saul is cast away,
As tho' he'd not been crown'd with Oil,
Nor blest'd by Heav'n's applauding Ray.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Bow fam'd *Jonathan* so strongly drew,
Discharg'd sure Death, which swift as Lightning flew;
Where'er the Splendors of his Faulchion play'd,
Rank fell on Rank, and all were breathless laid.
His Bow, his Sword, immortal Dangers sought,
And conquer'd 'em, 'cause they for *Israel* fought. ---
Father and Son possess'd each other's Mind,
So sweet a Harmony their Souls combin'd :
This in the strongest Friendships had been try'd,
So strong, Death's iron Hand cou'd ne'er divide. ---
In manly Exercises both excell'd,
And with like Force a Combatant repell'd.
Swifter than Eagles when they dart their Way ;
Than Lions stronger, when they fight for Prey.

C H O R U S.

*Daughters of Israel, weep o'er Saul,
Who cloath'd You in the brightest Dyes.
With Sighs on Sighs bemoan his Fall,
Whose Smile was Glory to your Eyes.*

*Weep o'er his Urn whose dearest Care
Was to improve the op'ning Mind ;
To make You virtuous as you're fair,
And be the Wonder of your Kind.*

R E C L

RECITATIVE.

How are the Mighty fallen ! O how slain
 'Midst the wild Horrors of th' embattled Plain !
 O *Jonathan* ! so cruel was the Dart,
 All *Israel* bled when it transfix'd thy Heart. ---
 My Soul, young Prince, is deep distress'd for Thee,
 For thine, too often, was distress'd for Me.
 Thy pleasing Converse charm'd my Woes to Rest,
 And wak'd the sweetest Transports in my Breast. ---
 Not the fond Love of Virgins when they pine
 For absent Youths, cou'd be compar'd to Thine.

CHORUS.

*How are the Mighty fallen ! O how slain !
 Their Arms at random tost !
 Their glittering Trophies lost !
 How bleed their Hearts on the inglorious Plain !*

